



FIGHTING MEN IN ACTION!



No 24
JULY

SPY-HUNTERS

10¢

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES
in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!



YOU'LL NEVER
BETRAY ME AS AN
AMERICAN SPY!

It was
A STRANGE AND
THRILLING TALE OF
ESPIONAGE...AND AT
THE END OF THE TRAIL
LAY MURDER! IT'S ALL
IN...
**"BLACKMAIL
BRIGADE!"**



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ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 3043

500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my attached drawing in your April contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____

State _____ Occupation _____

Amateurs Only!

Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering. All drawings must be received by April 30, 1953. None returned. Winners notified.

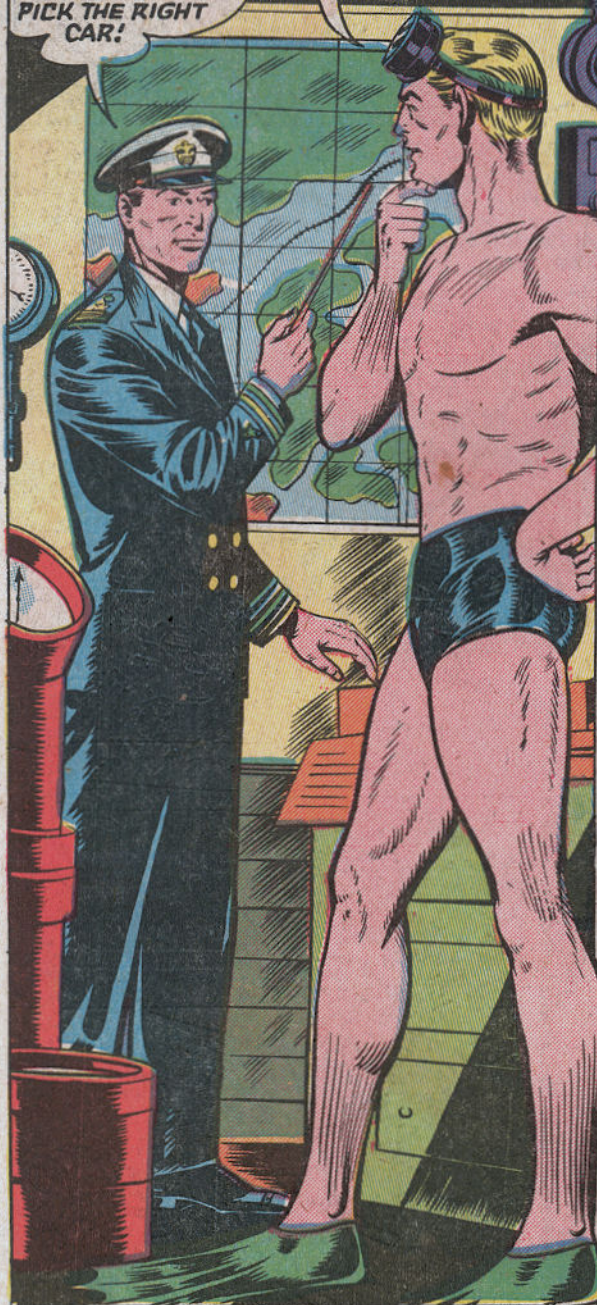


CLIFF VANCE WAS THE AGENT INVOLVED IN THE MOST DESPERATE GAMBLE EVER UNDERTAKEN BY AMERICAN COUNTERESPIONAGE! NOW, FOUR MONTHS LATER, THE STORY OF HIS MISSION CAN BE TOLD -- A MISSION THAT PITTED HIM AGAINST **BILLIONS** OF KILLERS -- THE DEADLY TYPHUS GERMS THAT SPELLED

The CREEPING DEATH!

OUR INTELLIGENCE REPORTS SHOW THAT THE PEIPING EXPRESS SLOWS DOWN TO ABOUT TEN MILES AN HOUR WHEN IT REACHES THIS SHARP CURVE! THAT'LL BE YOUR CHANCE TO HOP ABOARD, CLIFF-- AND YOU'D BETTER PICK THE RIGHT CAR!

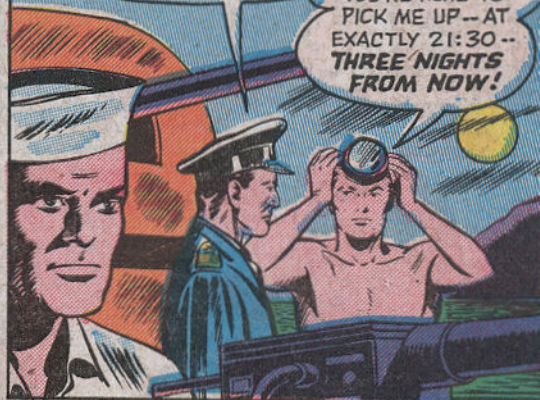
DON'T WORRY, I WILL-- IF OUR AGENTS IN PEIPING ARE ACCURATE! ACCORDING TO THEM, DR. RAKOVSKY WILL BE IN COMPARTMENT NINE--THIRD CAR BEHIND THE ENGINE!



WITH THE DESTROYER'S ENGINES STILLED --

CLIFF-- IT'S TIME I REMINDED YOU THAT THIS MISSION IS STRICTLY **VOLUNTEER!** YOU'RE STILL **FREE TO BACK OUT!**

NOT A CHANCE, SIR! JUST BE SURE YOU'RE HERE TO PICK ME UP-- AT EXACTLY 21:30 -- **THREE NIGHTS FROM NOW!**



AS CLIFF HEADS TOWARD THE DARKENED COAST--

IT'LL BE RUGGED, SIR-- BUT VANCE IS AN **FBI** VETERAN -- TRAINED WITH UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAMS -- AND HE SPEAKS BOTH RUSSIAN AND CHINESE! I'D PUT MY MONEY ON **HIM** IN ANY KIND OF SCRAP-- AGAINST **ODDS UP TO FIVE TO ONE!**

THOSE ODDS WILL BE BUSH LEAGUE FOR **THIS** MISSION, MR. DOLAN! VANCE WILL BE UP AGAINST SOMETHING NUMBERED IN **BILLIONS!**



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR! WHAT'S HE GOING AFTER?

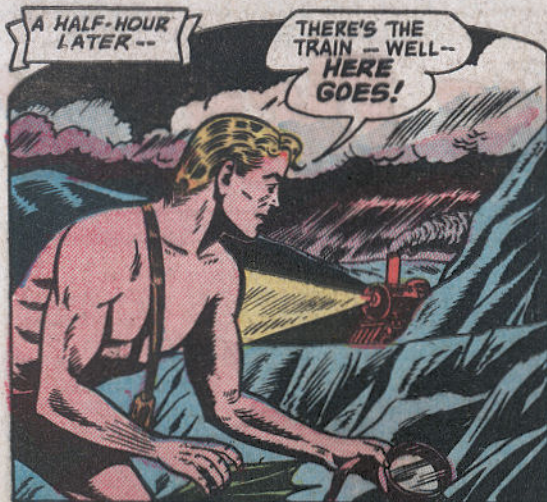
GERMS!



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NICHOLAS

A HALF-HOUR
LATER --



THERE'S THE
TRAIN -- WELL--
HERE
GOES!

DR.
RAKOVSKY
BARELY
NOTICED
THE
TRAIN
SLOWING
DOWN
AND
THE
COMPART-
MENT
DOOR
INCHING
OPEN!
BUT
WHEN
HE
LOOKED
UP--



WHAT
THE--!

DON'T YELL--AND
DON'T PULL THAT
EMERGENCY
CORD!

THE DAILY
NEW U.S.
GERM
ATROCITY
IN KOREA!



AS DR.
RAKOVSKY
LUNGES FOR
HIS GUN --

BANG!



SO YOU THINK I NEED **HELP** IN
DEALING WITH AN AMERICAN
SPY, EH? WHEN I PULL THE
EMERGENCY CORD--IT WILL
BE TO SUMMON GUARDS
TO GET RID OF YOUR
BODY!

WAM!



I WAS READY TO GIVE YOU A
BREAK, BUD-- BUT IF THERE'S
GOT TO BE A BODY--
IT WON'T BE
MINE!

UGH!



CRASH!

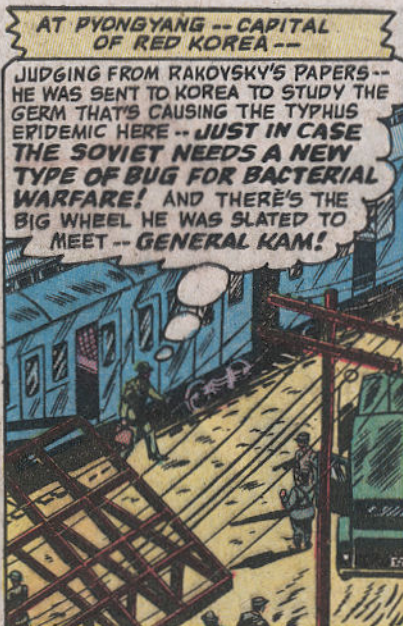


MINUTES LATER-- AS THE PEIPING EXPRESS
THUNDERS PAST THE RICE PADDIES OF A
SLEEPING VILLAGE --

SPLASH!



ANYWAY, RAKOVSKY--IT WAS QUICK! A LOT QUICKER THAN COMMUNIST TORTURES -- OR TYPHUS!



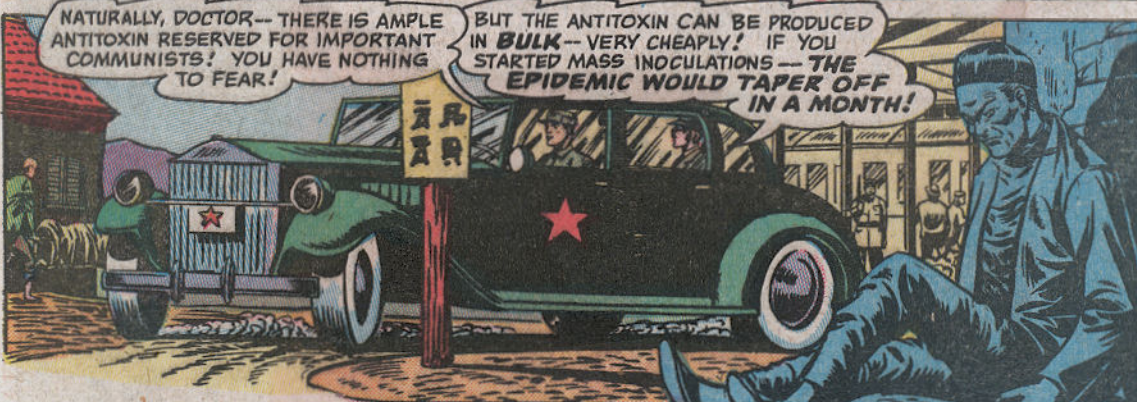
AT PYONGYANG -- CAPITAL OF RED KOREA --

JUDGING FROM RAKOVSKY'S PAPERS-- HE WAS SENT TO KOREA TO STUDY THE GERM THAT'S CAUSING THE TYPHUS EPIDEMIC HERE -- **JUST IN CASE THE SOVIET NEEDS A NEW TYPE OF BUG FOR BACTERIAL WARFARE!** AND THERE'S THE BIG WHEEL HE WAS SLATED TO MEET -- **GENERAL KAM!**



DR. RAKOVSKY! IS RADIANT HONOR TO HAVE MOSCOW EXPERT HERE-- INTERESTED IN LOWLY REPULSIVE KOREAN TYPHUS DISEASE!

CONFINE YOURSELF TO **FACTS**, GENERAL KAM! THE EPIDEMIC KILLS THOUSANDS EVERY WEEK-- WHAT PRECAUTIONS WILL BE TAKEN TO PROTECT **ME**?



NATURALLY, DOCTOR-- THERE IS AMPLE ANTITOXIN RESERVED FOR IMPORTANT COMMUNISTS! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!

BUT THE ANTITOXIN CAN BE PRODUCED IN **BULK**-- VERY CHEAPLY! IF YOU STARTED MASS INOCULATIONS -- **THE EPIDEMIC WOULD TAPER OFF IN A MONTH!**



BUT THAT WOULD BE BAD **POLICY**, DOCTOR! COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA THROUGHOUT THE WORLD BLAMES TYPHUS ON GERMS DROPPED FROM AMERICAN PLANES! TO **PROVE** AMERICAN BACTERIAL WARFARE, EPIDEMIC MUST **CONTINUE!**

VERY SOUND COMMUNIST TACTICS, GENERAL -- **AND HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL!**



ON THE CITY OUTSKIRTS --

DEEPLY TRUST YOU WILL FIND QUARTERS SATISFACTORY, DOCTOR! THIS IS COMRADE **MELONG** -- WHO WILL BE YOUR ASSISTANT!

THIS POOR PERSON IS OVERWHELMED WITH HONOR!



ONE LAST IMPORTANT DETAIL--**YOUR ANTI-TOXIN!** ADVISE IMMEDIATE INJECTION-- FEVER IS HIGHLY DANGEROUS!

VERY GOOD, GENERAL! IF I NEED ANYTHING FURTHER-- I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU!





THEN -- GOADED BY A RAGING IMPULSE --



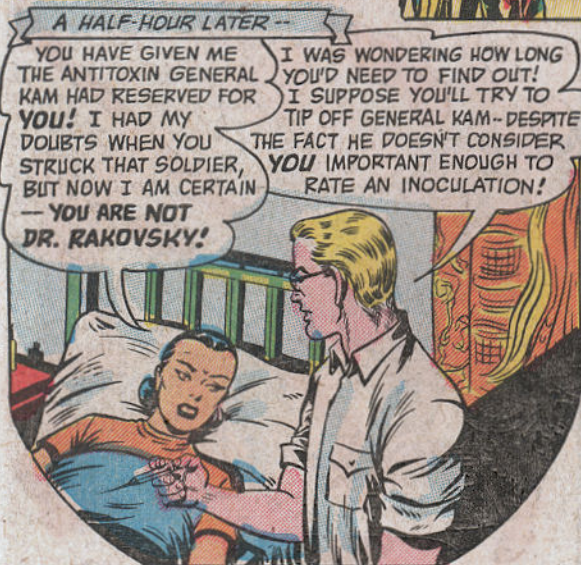
YOU EVIDENTLY SHARE MY DISLIKE FOR UNNECESSARY VIOLENCE, COMRADE MELONG!

IT-- ISN'T ONLY THAT! I FEEL DIZZY-- I'M TERRIBLY ILL!



TYPHUS! COME ON-- WE'RE GOING BACK!

VERY UNUSUAL PROCEEDINGS! IN FACT-- MOST SUSPICIOUS!



A HALF-HOUR LATER --

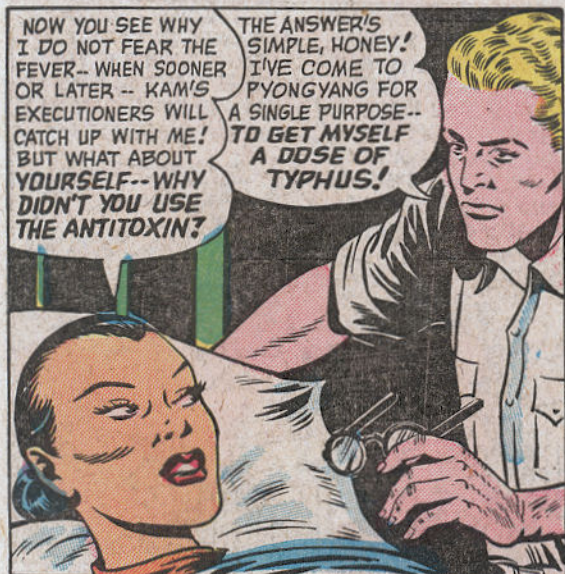
YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THE ANTITOXIN GENERAL KAM HAD RESERVED FOR YOU! I HAD MY DOUBTS WHEN YOU STRUCK THAT SOLDIER, BUT NOW I AM CERTAIN -- YOU ARE NOT DR. RAKOVSKY!

I WAS WONDERING HOW LONG YOU'D NEED TO FIND OUT! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL TRY TO TIP OFF GENERAL KAM-- DESPITE THE FACT HE DOESN'T CONSIDER YOU IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO RATE AN INOCULATION!



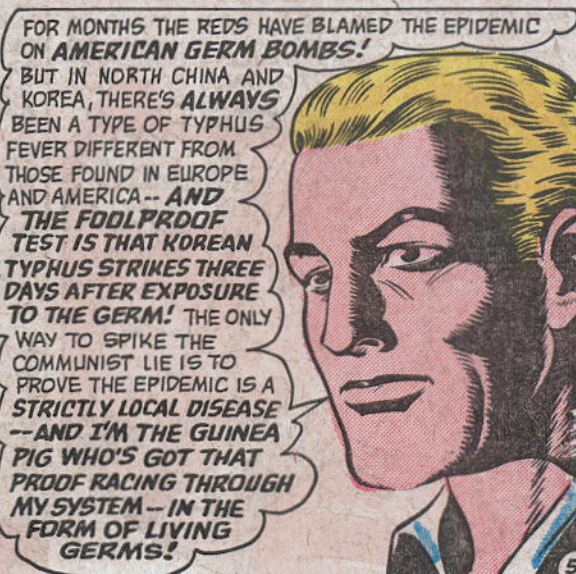
IF YOU WANT PROOF OF HOW WRONG YOU ARE-- LOOK BEHIND THAT DRAPERY!

GREAT GUNS! IT'S AN IDENTIFICATION CARD-- YOU'RE AN AGENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC UNDERGROUND!



NOW YOU SEE WHY I DO NOT FEAR THE FEVER-- WHEN SOONER OR LATER -- KAM'S EXECUTIONERS WILL CATCH UP WITH ME! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOURSELF-- WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE ANTITOXIN?

THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE, HONEY! I'VE COME TO PYONGYANG FOR A SINGLE PURPOSE-- TO GET MYSELF A DOSE OF TYPHUS!



FOR MONTHS THE REDS HAVE BLAMED THE EPIDEMIC ON AMERICAN GERM BOMBS!

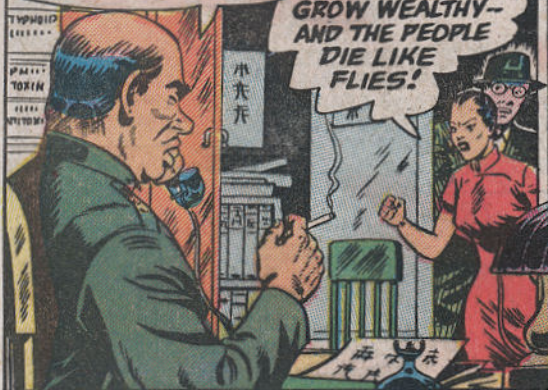
BUT IN NORTH CHINA AND KOREA, THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A TYPE OF TYPHUS FEVER DIFFERENT FROM THOSE FOUND IN EUROPE AND AMERICA-- AND THE FOOLPROOF TEST IS THAT KOREAN TYPHUS STRIKES THREE DAYS AFTER EXPOSURE TO THE GERM! THE ONLY WAY TO SPIKE THE COMMUNIST LIE IS TO PROVE THE EPIDEMIC IS A STRICTLY LOCAL DISEASE -- AND I'M THE GUINEA PIG WHO'S GOT THAT PROOF RACING THROUGH MY SYSTEM -- IN THE FORM OF LIVING GERMS!



SOON AFTERWARD--AT GENERAL KAM'S HEADQUARTERS--

I NEVER DEAL WITH LOWLY GO-BETWEENS! IF BLACK MARKET WANTS ANTITOXIN, LET REPRESENTATIVE BRING CASH TO MY OFFICE--TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR SUPPLY ON HAND!

BLACKHEARTED SWINDLER! YOU GROW WEALTHY--AND THE PEOPLE DIE LIKE FLIES!



MELONG--GET BACK!

SHE-DEVIL! ONE UNGUARDED SENTENCE CAN BE FATAL MISTAKE!



TRY TO HOLD ON, KID! I'LL HAVE YOU AT A DOCTOR'S IN A JIFFY!

NO-- I AM FINISHED! BUT

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF LIVES WAITING TO BE SAVED--WITH THE ANTITOXIN IN THIS OFFICE! CLIFF, YOU'VE GOT TO REACH THE COAST--SEE MY PEOPLE IN DONGJIN--THEY'LL HELP YOU! AND CLIFF... TELL THEM... HOW I DIED!



AND NEXT DAY--IN A DOZEN DUSTY VILLAGES--

WE EXPECTED DEATH--NOT A STRANGER WHO WOULD BRING US THE MAGIC MEDICINE! WHO ARE YOU?

SOMEONE WHO IS KEEPING A PROMISE TO A FRIEND... A FRIEND NAMED MELONG!



THEN--UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS--

ANOTHER FEW HOURS ASHORE--AND I'D HAVE BEEN TOO WEAK TO SWIM A DOZEN YARDS! IT'S TYPHUS, ALL RIGHT--THE THREE-DAY KOREAN VARIETY!



THAT NIGHT, CLIFF VANCE LAY IN THE DESTROYER'S SICK BAY, SLATED FOR A SLOW RECOVERY--AND BY DAWN--WITH THE CABLES HUMMING AROUND THE WORLD--

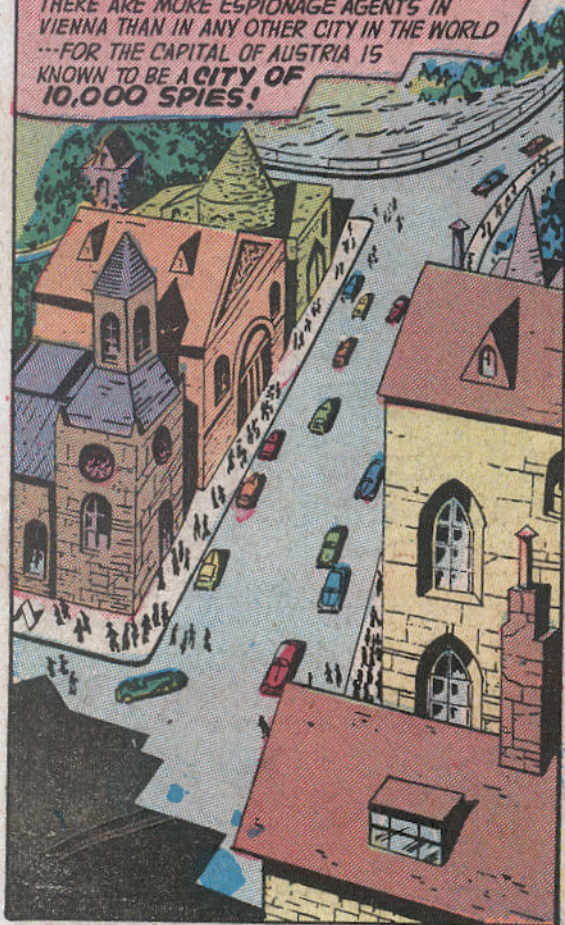
THERE'S THE ANSWER! WHEN WE FIGHT, WE'LL FIGHT LIKE MEN--NOT WITH GERMS--AND NOT WITH LIES!



THE END 7

CITY of 10,000 SPIES

ACCORDING TO AUTHORITATIVE SOURCES, THERE ARE MORE ESPIONAGE AGENTS IN VIENNA THAN IN ANY OTHER CITY IN THE WORLD ---FOR THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRIA IS KNOWN TO BE A CITY OF 10,000 SPIES!



MOST OF THE SPIES ARE RUSSIANS, CZECHS, POLES, HUNGARIANS, YUGOSLAVS, BULGARIANS, RUMANIANS AND SPANIARDS... BUT THERE ARE ALSO A GALLANT HANDFUL OF BRITISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENTS WHO WORK FOR THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY!



THE RUSSIANS HAVE THEIR OWN POLITICAL POLICE, THE MVD, WHOSE CHIEF FUNCTION IS TO KIDNAP ALL THOSE WHO MIGHT HAVE INFORMATION OF VALUE! OVER 2,000 AUSTRIAN CIVILIANS ALONE HAVE BEEN DRAGGED OVER THE EAST-WEST BORDER...AND HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARKNESS THAT IS RUSSIA!



VERY FEW HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE EASTERN ZONE ---AND VERY MANY HAVE ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE, ONLY TO FALL BENEATH THE HAIL OF BULLETS FROM RED BORDER GUARDS!

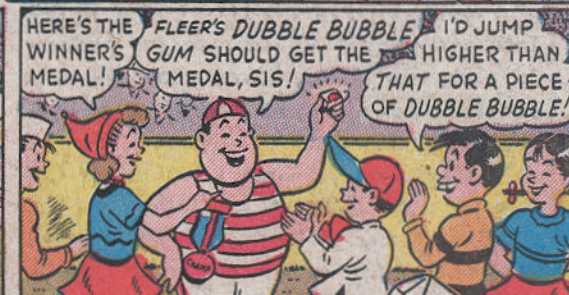
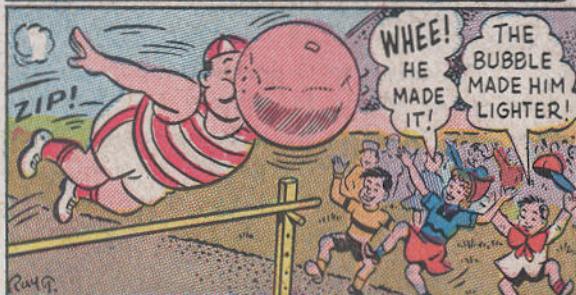
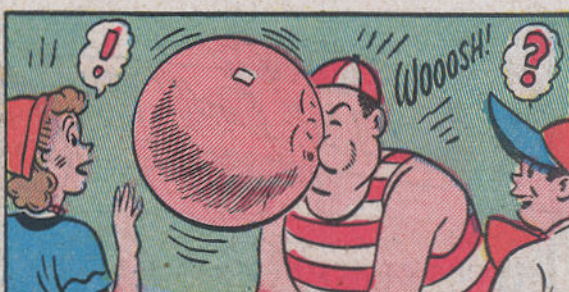


TODAY THE DANUBE IS HIDEOUS RATHER THAN BEAUTIFUL --- THANKS TO THE CORPSES THAT ARE SO OFTEN SEEN FLOATING IN THE CURRENTS ---A GRIM REMINDER OF THE RUTHLESSNESS OF THE MVD!

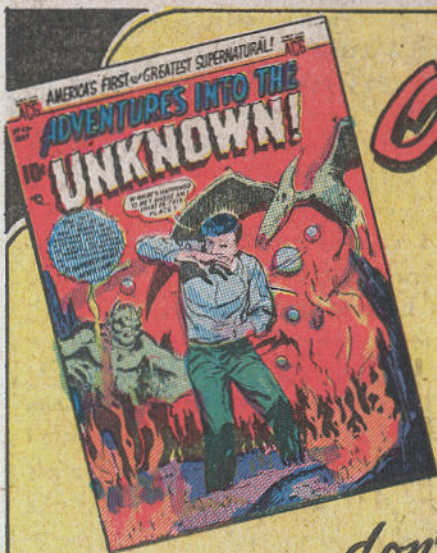


SO IF YOU PLAN TO VISIT VIENNA SOON, READER, YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP IN THAT CITY OF TEN THOUSAND SPIES!





F. H. FLEER CORP., PHILA. 41, PENNA.



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don't miss

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

AT YOUR
Favorite
Newsstand

A SIMPLE SABOTEUR

WONG CHOU'S EYES narrowed as the tanks stopped before the door of his farmhouse, but his face remained perfectly expressionless. Three non-coms with lowered rifles approached menacingly.

"Your name, dog!"

Bowing timidly, Wong Chou stated his name and the name of his father and his father's father. The soldiers regarded him with intense hostility for a moment and then waved a staff car forward. The illustrious General Han Moi-lung stepped out, haughty and proud, sniffing the air as if it was unclean.

"Disperse the column in the woods until darkness," he snapped, "and bring the saboteurs to me while I dine."

Wong Chou led the way into the bare farmhouse where a woman was busy over a steaming pot of rice and vegetables, but the general seemed unaware of her existence. Quickly an orderly cleared the simple table and spread a fine white tablecloth over it. Then, while fine porcelain dishes and choice delicacies were produced from heavy knapsacks, three scrawny men in tattered civilian clothes were dragged into the room.

A flicker of evil maliciousness showed in the general's eyes as he looked at them. "You are charged with spying for the enemy," he said wearily.

"It is not true!" they all yelled at once. "Illustrious one! Please, have mercy!"

The general sat down heavily and sighed. An intense silence fell over the room as he spread a white napkin across his fat thighs and reached for a chicken leg. Finally, he turned to the trembling men and said, "Shoot them!"

The accused men let out a shriek of anguished terror as they were pulled outside. Wong Chou watched the general eat heartily, even while an officer in the

farmyard barked commands...which were followed by the sharp crack of a dozen rifles.

"The only way to deal with saboteurs," he said, wiping his greasy lips with a napkin. "Bullets are cheaper than trials."

When he finished his ample meal he got up slowly and looked out the window at the black sky. Then, turning to an aid, he snapped, "Order the column into formation. We must be at the front before midnight. We can now use the main road without fear of being seen by Yankee planes."

Five minutes later there was only the sound of tanks rumbling in the distance toward the hard-covered road.

Chou wasted no time getting to the barn, where a concealed trap door led to the cellar. Once there he uncovered a powerful short wave radio and threw the transmitter switch.

"Agent 1603 calling Pusan! Come in, Pusan! Over!"

The reply came swiftly: "Pusan! Come in, 1603! Over!"

Chou spread a military map before him and read out several grid co-ordinates. "Large enemy tank column moving at 30 miles an hour south along road AN-7462, now located exactly at..."

In a few moments the message was completed and Chou knew that American planes would be over the perfectly spotted target within the hour. He smiled for the first time that day, thinking about the havoc which would ensue.

"The stupid Reds," he thought. "I knew they would never suspect a simple-looking farmer of high espionage. They're too smug to appreciate the resourcefulness of Americans. Ha! Little do they know that before volunteering for espionage duty the lowly Wong Chou was a professor of Oriental Languages in America!"

Broadcast BOMBSHELL

IT DOESN'T MATTER--
IT NEVER COULD MATTER ♪
WHEN THE LONG NIGHT'S OVER,
AND IT'S DAWN FOREVER-- ♪
THAT'LL BE THE DAY!

WHAT MYSTERIOUS MISSION BROUGHT KAY FARMER TO THE KOREAN BATTLE FRONT-- WITHIN RIFLE SHOT OF THE COMMUNIST LINES? LISTENING TO HER SING AGAINST THE DISTANT CRUMP OF MORTAR SHELLS, COUNTERESPIONAGE AGENT **DON NICHOLS** SENSED THE MAKINGS OF A STRANGE PLOT-- ONE THAT STARTED WITH MUSIC-- AND ENDED IN THE UPROAR OF A BROADCAST BOMBSHELL!

NOT BAD! BUT HONEST-- I COULD HEAR BETTER SINGING IN ANY NIGHT SPOT BACK IN OMAHA!

SOME GUYS ARE NEVER SATISFIED! A BEAUTIFULLY-STACKED NUMBER LIKE THAT-- AND SHE'S GOT TO HAVE A VOICE?

WELL, NICHOLS-- THAT'S HER! WHY DID COUNTER-ESPIONAGE PUT YOU ONTO HER?

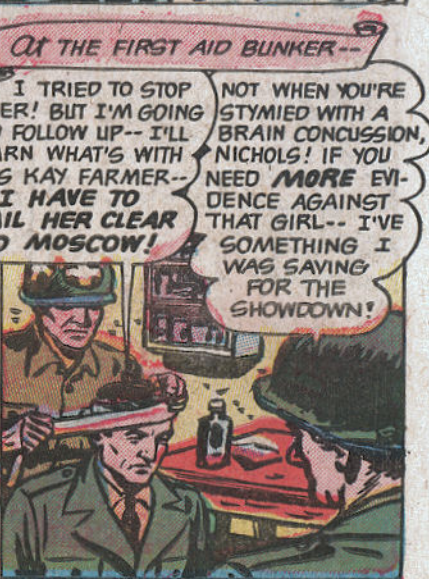
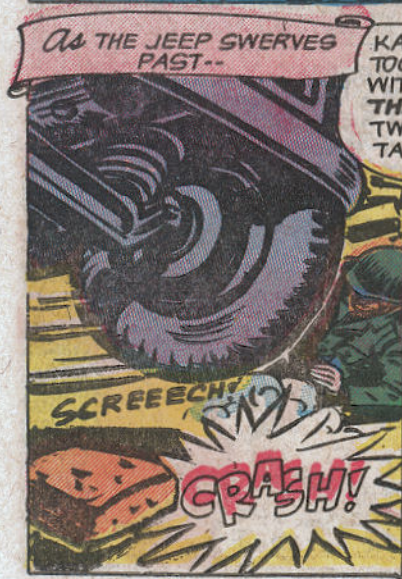
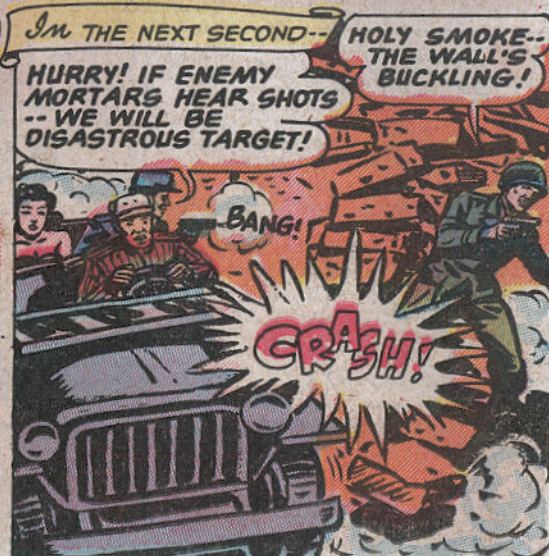
KAY FARMER NEVER APPEARED IN EVEN AN **AMATEUR** PRODUCTION BEFORE SHE SIGNED ON AS A U.S.O. ENTERTAINER! IT GAVE HER AN AIRTIGHT MOTIVE FOR COMING TO KOREA-- AND I'VE GOT TO LEARN WHY!

MINUTES LATER--

IT DOESN'T MATTER-- IT NEVER COULD MATTER...

SHE COULD BE TAKING A CASUAL STROLL-- EXCEPT FOR ONE IMPORTANT DETAIL-- **SHE'S HEADING TOWARD THE COMMUNIST POSITIONS!**

QUINLAN & COSTANTO
C.R. (SCHWARTZ)?



THIS IS CAPT. DAK KIM-- OUR ROK LIAISON OFFICER! CAPTAIN, TELL NICHOLS WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED ABOUT KAY FARMER!

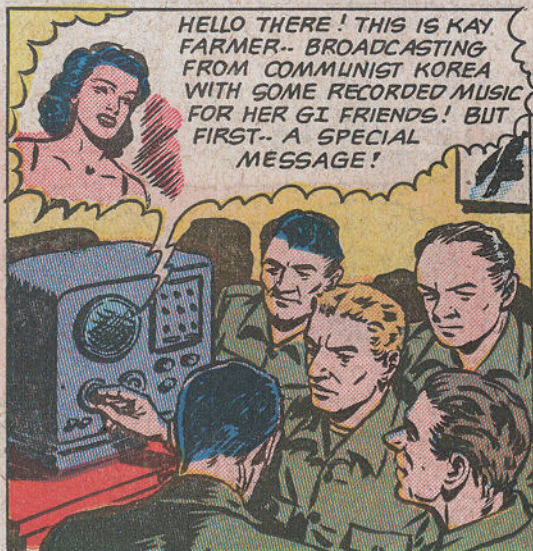
I SPEAK TO HER ACCIDENTALLY IN MY OWN LANGUAGE! SHE REPLY WITHOUT THINKING-- IN **VERY GOOD NATIVE KOREAN!**

SHE BLUFFS HER WAY TO KOREA-- PRETENDS TO BE A TROOPER. WHEN HER ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT IS FLUENCY WITH THE LANGUAGE-- **WHAT'S THE ANSWER?**

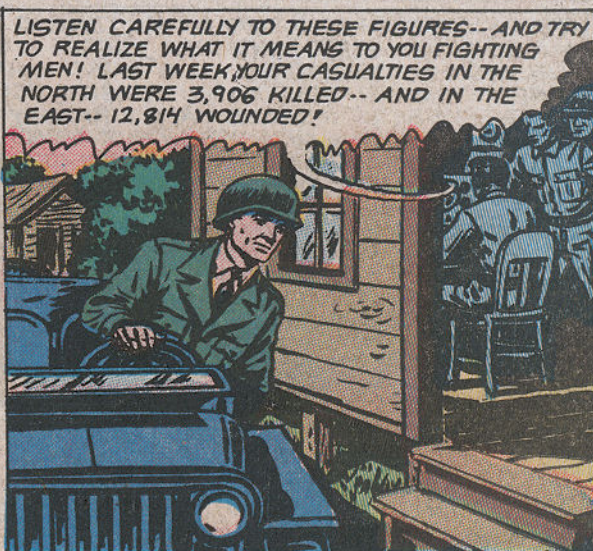
IF YOU EXPECT ME TO SAY ESPIONAGE-- I'M NOT BUYING THAT YET! I WANT TO DOUBLE-CHECK OUR LIST OF U.S. CITIZENS STRANDED IN KOREA-- AND MEANWHILE-- **MAKE SURE YOUR COMMUNICATIONS SECTION MAINTAINS A ROUND-THE-CLOCK CONTACT WITH THE COMMUNIST RADIO!**

DURING THE NEXT WEEK-- WANNA SEE IF WE CAN PICK HER UP AGAIN, SWEENEY?

YEAH-- WHY NOT? LET'S SEE IF SHE'S STILL USING THE SAME LINE!



HELLO THERE! THIS IS KAY FARMER-- BROADCASTING FROM COMMUNIST KOREA WITH SOME RECORDED MUSIC FOR HER GI FRIENDS! BUT FIRST-- A SPECIAL MESSAGE!



LISTEN CAREFULLY TO THESE FIGURES-- AND TRY TO REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU FIGHTING MEN! LAST WEEK, YOUR CASUALTIES IN THE NORTH WERE 3,906 KILLED-- AND IN THE EAST-- 12,814 WOUNDED!

IMAGINE THAT DAME TRYING TO BEAT DOWN OUR MORALE-- USING THE SAME CRAZY CASUALTY FIGURES DAY AFTER DAY!

GLAD YOU'RE BACK, NICHOLS! **THERE'S** A SAMPLE OF WHAT WE'VE BEEN PICKING UP-- SINCE YOU LEFT FOR PUSAN!

YEP, I KNOW, I'VE BEEN TUNING IN! WHAT'S MORE, MAJOR-- I'VE LEARNED THAT KAY FARMER WAS **BORN** IN KOREA! HER FATHER'S AN AMERICAN ENGINEER WHO SPENT 25 YEARS UP NORTH-- **AND HE HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES!**



MEANING SHE'S BEEN **FORCED** TO MAKE THESE BROADCASTS TO ENSURE HER FATHER'S SAFETY! BUT SHE'S GOT THE COMMUNIST LINE DOWN PAT -- HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN THOSE EXAGGERATED FIGURES?

SURE, THEY **SOUND** LIKE THE USUAL COMMUNIST MALARKY! BUT REMEMBER, SHE USES **IDENTICAL** FIGURES EVERY NIGHT-- WITH A **GUARDED REMINDER** TO LISTEN CAREFULLY AND TRY TO **REALIZE WHAT THEY MEAN!**

I'D LIKE TO THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT IF KAY'S USING THOSE FIGURES AS A CODE-- **WHAT IN THUNDER IS SHE TRYING TO CONVEY?**

LET'S SUPPOSE SHE **DID** HOOK UP WITH THE REDS AGAINST HER WILL! IN THAT CASE, SHE'D WANT TO **ESCAPE-- AND HER MAIN PROBLEM WOULD BE TO REVEAL HER WHEREABOUTS!**

WHY WOULD SHE DEFINITELY MENTION FIGHTING IN THE **NORTH AND EAST**, UNLESS-- HOLY SMOKE-- I **THINK I'VE GOT IT!** KAY'S FIGURES DESIGNATE **LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE-- 39° 06' NORTH-- AND 128° 14' EAST-- THE TOWN OF TENGYO!**



IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO FIGURE **NOW**, MAJOR! RED AGENTS CONTACTED KAY BACK IN THE STATES-- THREATENING HER FATHER'S LIFE UNLESS SHE RETURNED TO KOREA! THEY HAD A PROPOGANDA JOB ALL LINED UP FOR A GIRL WHO COULD SPEAK BOTH ENGLISH AND KOREAN! BUT KAY OUTSMARTED THEM-- **FAKING A TYPICAL COMMUNIST LIE TO DISCLOSE THE LOCATION OF THEIR MAIN COMMUNICATIONS CENTER!**

TENGYO ... THAT'S A GOOD THIRTY MILES INSIDE RED TERRITORY-- BUT OUR ARMOR MIGHT BE ABLE TO ROCK 'EM BACK LONG ENOUGH TO GET KAY AND HER FATHER OUT!

SORRY, MAJOR-- BUT TANKS ARE KIND OF HEAVY-FOOTED FOR A COUNTERESPIONAGE OPERATION! I'D LIKE TO WORK OUT AN IDEA WITH CAPT. DAK KIM AND YOUR AIR SUPPORT-- **AND TRY MY LUCK WITH A PARACHUTE DROP!**



THAT NIGHT, TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE TENGYO--



I HOPE I DON'T BREAK THIS PHONOGRAPH RECORD DAK KIM MADE FOR ME-- **IN THE NORTH KOREAN DIALECT!** ACCORDING TO HIM, THE RADIO STATION'S LIGHTLY GUARDED-- AND I'VE TIMED THINGS TO REACH THERE JUST BEFORE KAY BEGINS HER EVENING BROADCAST!





THAT'S PART OF THE PLAN, TOO! A COUPLE OF DOZEN PARACHUTES LANDING RIGHT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN-- WHERE THEY'RE SURE TO BE NOTICED!



LOOK! STEALTHY AMERICANS HAVE MADE AIRBORNE INFILTRATION ATTACK!

BLAZES! I DIDN'T EXPECT THE GOOKS TO GET HEP THIS SOON!



THEN--
WATCH OUT! THE DOGS HAVE SET AMBUSH!



THAT'S RIGHT-- AND IT'S STARTING NOW!

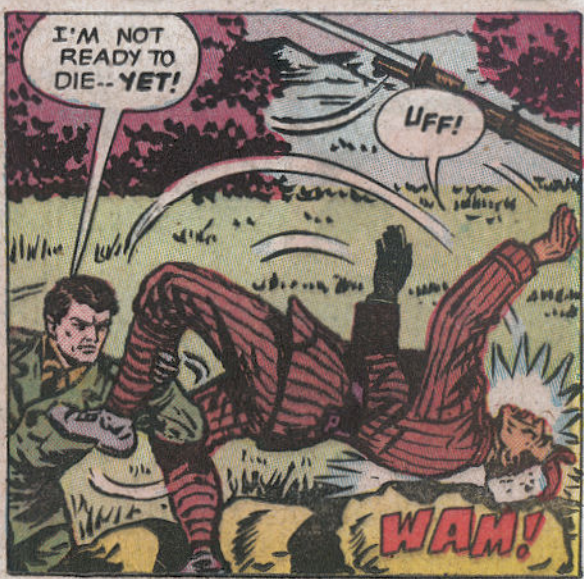


IN THE NEXT SECOND-- AS FOUR INCHES OF STEEL DRIVE TO THE BONE--

HOLY SMOKE-- MY SHOULDER!



NOW, BARBARIAN-- YOU GET BAYONET IN THROAT!



I'M NOT READY TO DIE-- YET!

UFF!

WAM!

IT'S GOING SWELL.. A COUPLE OF CASUALTIES STREWN AROUND WILL MAKE THIS AIRBORNE RAID LOOK ALL THE MORE CONVINCING!

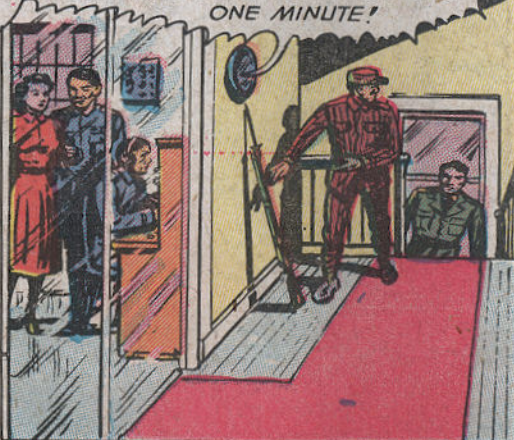


GOOD THING THIS RECORD DIDN'T SHATTER! I'M PRETTY ROCKY FROM LOSS OF BLOOD-- BUT IF I CAN REACH THE RADIO STATION WITHOUT MORE SERIOUS DAMAGE-- WE'LL STAND AN EVEN CHANCE!



SOON AFTERWARD--

RADIO TENGYO CALLING UNITED NATIONS MILITARY PERSONNEL! PLEASE STAND BY-- WE WILL BE ON AIR IN EXACTLY ONE MINUTE!



GOOD THING THAT STUDIO DOOR'S SOUNDPROOF! NOW-- I'VE GOT ABOUT 30 SECONDS TO GET INTO THE RADIO BUSINESS!

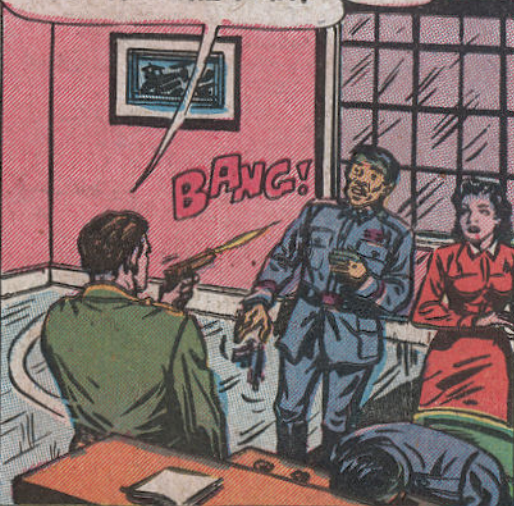


OKAY, COMRADE.. EASE OFF THOSE CONTROLS



AN AMERICAN! BUT WHAT IS DOING HERE?

JUST DOING MY LITTLE BIT TO HELP WIN THE WAR!

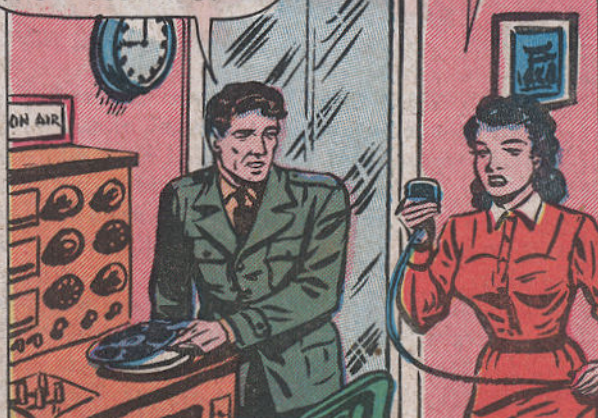


WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, HONEY! I'M DON NICHOLS, U.S. COUNTERESPIONAGE!-- WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE TOP GOOK I JUST DOWNED?

HE'S COL. YANG! BUT GOOD HEAVENS-- YOU'RE BADLY HURT!

NEVER MIND THAT! MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT IN KOREAN-- TELLING ALL RED UNITS TO STAND BY FOR AN EMERGENCY ORDER FROM COL. YANG!

SHU HONG-MA CHEN TENG-YO-DAI! ATTENTION-- ALL COMMAND POSTS IN TENG-YO AREA!



AS THE RECORDED MESSAGE FLASHES TO A DOZEN COMMUNIST COMMAND POSTS--

AMERICAN PARATROOPERS WHO LANDED AT TENG-YO ARE PUSHING EAST TO JOIN MUCH LARGER GROUP AT BOKPO! COUNTERATTACK IN FORCE!



MINUTES LATER, AT AN OUTLYING HOUSE--

IT'S A GOOD THING THE REDS GOT SO PANICKY THAT EVEN YOUR GUARDS WERE ORDERED TO MEET THE ATTACK, DAD! BUT IT'S JUST A FEINT DON PLANNED TO LURE THEM EAST-- WHILE WE HEAD SOUTH!

BUT THE REDS ARE BOUND TO REALIZE IT'S A TRICK-- ONCE THEY FIND NO SIGN OF AMERICANS AT BOKPO!



DON'T WORRY, MR. FARMER-- I'VE FIXED THINGS SO THE GOOKS WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED WHEN THEY REACH BOKPO! LISTEN-- CAN YOU HEAR ANYTHING?

BOMBERS! HEADING UP FROM THE SOUTH-- THEY'RE OUR PLANES!



SOON AFTERWARD, WITH SEVERAL RED DIVISIONS CONCENTRATED AT BOKPO--



NEXT DAY--

HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO BROADCAST THOSE FAKE CASUALTY FIGURES WITHOUT THE REDS GETTING SUSPICIOUS, KAY?

IT WAS THEIR IDEA OUR TROOPS SHOULD BE TOLD THAT THEY'RE SUSTAINING TERRIBLE CASUALTIES! AS FAR AS THE REDS WERE CONCERNED, THE FIGURES 3,906 AND 12,814 SOUNDED SO IMPRESSIVE-- IT NEVER OCCURRED TO THEM TO INVESTIGATE WHAT SEEMED TO BE JUST ANOTHER COMMUNIST LIE!



Tsing HONSHI

THE SOLDIERS HAD just finished their evening meal: a handful of rice and slivers of dried fish. It had been the same for weeks, but Tsing Honshi didn't mind on that account. He was used to simple fare. However, he was still quite hungry.

But Tsing Honshi was like the other "volunteers" in his regiment. Whatever gripes they had they kept guardedly to themselves, for complaints of any kind were "crimes against the state" or "inspired by pro-American propaganda". He didn't understand that, but there were many things he didn't understand.

He didn't understand why he had been taken from his father's tiny rice paddy in Southern China and put into uniform. He didn't understand why he was sent to Korea. He didn't understand why it was necessary to hate foreigners. Personally, Tsing had nothing against them. In any case, he thought, they couldn't be as bad as the Russian foreigners who had supervised his meager training. But Tsing did not think too hard about these matters. In fact, it was dangerous to think. Weren't officers quick to rebuke those with too many private thoughts?

A truck pulled up in front of the bivouac area, and in a moment there was a great chorus of shouting. The truck carried many bottles of bitter rice whiskey, which Tsing had once hated. But now he found it soothing, because it enabled him to forget his homesickness.

At the same time he worried, for the distribution of whiskey was rare, and always preceded an attack. For a moment he listened tensely to the artillery barking into the night. There would be an attack in the morning, he decided. Tsing's battalion would lead it off, and the whiskey was intended to bolster their courage.

And it was needed badly, for the soldiers were long since sick of the fighting. Most of them felt as Tsing did, that the Americans would never be driven from Korea, for they were brave men, and

seemed to know *why* they were fighting. Right must be on *their* side, Tsing often thought. How else to explain their reckless courage and fierce determination in the face of overwhelming numbers?

The soldiers around him were already drunk, and he thought it wise to join them. His thoughts were disturbing. Better to drink and forget what couldn't be helped. For tomorrow he might die...

He had no idea how long he had slept. Dawn was already rising on the bleak Korean hills, and on all sides was the thunder of big guns. Now the officers were dashing about with pistols in their hands, screaming for everyone to get ready. They were going to attack in five minutes.

Tsing was instantly awake, though still groggy from the whiskey. He gripped his rifle tightly in his half-frozen fist, and looked into the eyes of his comrades. Everywhere he read the same dull stupidity, misery and fear. None of them knew why they were fighting, or had any firm belief in their cause. But like so many sheep they were being led to slaughter, against men who fought with the tenacity of heroes imbued with justice and truth.

Such thoughts carried him straight into the teeth of American fire. Already his comrades were falling in clusters. But not all of them were dead or wounded. Oh, no! Many were *feigning* death, though they risked a bullet in the head from an officer if found out. How could men fight, if they feared their own officers as much as the enemy?

Mortar shells exploded like strings of firecrackers among them. Only fear carried Tsing forward now, for he knew that if he took one backward step he would be cut down mercilessly by one of his superiors. So with a sinking heart he plodded forward, into the teeth of massed machine gun fire, until at last his frail body was riddled and pitched forward in the mud.

CANARIS, the Cunning

AT THE TENDER AGE OF 25, WALTER WILHELM CANARIS WAS A COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN CRUISER **DRESDEN** IN 1914-- BUT WITHIN A CENTURY, HE WAS TO BE ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN THE WORLD-- THE HEAD OF THE NAZI SECRET SERVICE IN WORLD WAR II!



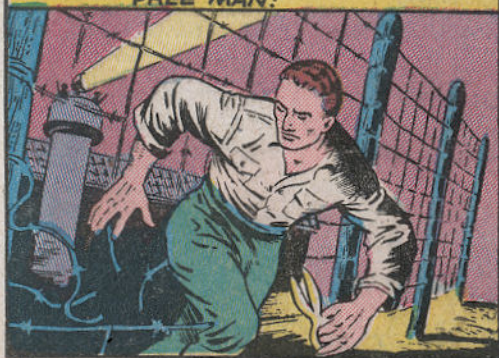
CAUGHT ON THE HIGH SEAS AT THE BEGINNING OF WORLD WAR I, CANARIS WAS FORCED TO BRING HIS SHIP TO NEUTRAL CHILE, WHERE HE WAS INTERNED! BUT THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND WOULDN'T LET SUCH A PROMISING YOUNG OFFICER SPEND THE WAR YEARS IN CAPTIVITY...

AS A GERMAN SECRET SERVICE OFFICER, I AM AUTHORIZED TO HELP YOU ESCAPE-- IF YOU AGREE TO JOIN THE IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE SERVICE!

AGREED!



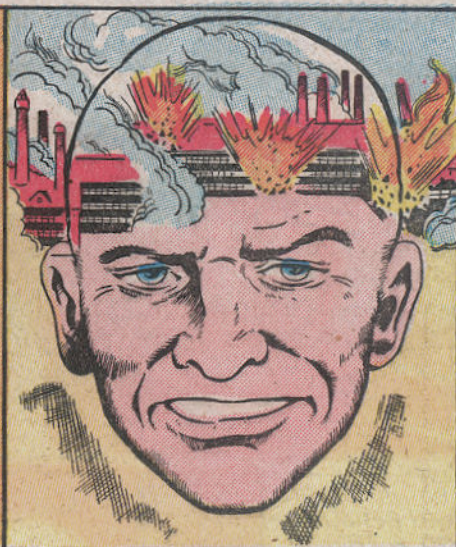
THE VERY NEXT NIGHT, CANARIS WAS A FREE MAN!



WHEN AMERICA ENTERED THE WAR, CANARIS WAS HASTILY ORDERED TO SPAIN-- WHERE HE SPIED ON ALLIED SHIPPING AND PLANNED GERMAN SUBMARINE BASES ALONG THE SPANISH COAST!



UNDER THE ALIAS OF OTTO SELIGER, CANARIS CAME TO NEW YORK, WHERE HE WAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF GERMAN SABOTEURS! IN THIS CAPACITY, CANARIS PLANNED THE SABOTAGING OF THE CANADIAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY IN 1916!



LATER, AS GERMAN NAVAL ATTACHE TO SPAIN, HE WAS STRUCK BY THE BEAUTY OF A DANCER HE SAW IN THE MADRID NIGHTCLUB, TROCADERO--

THE DANCER, SEÑOR? SHE IS KNOWN AS MATA HARI!

ASK HER TO COME TO MY TABLE WHEN HER PERFORMANCE IS OVER!



YES, IT WAS CANARIS WHO FIRST REALIZED THE POTENTIALITIES THAT MATA HARI HAD AS A SPY!

I WILL MAKE YOU RICH BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS! ALL YOU NEED DO IS GO TO PARIS, WHERE I WILL ARRANGE FOR YOU TO DANCE AT THE FAMED MOULIN ROUGE-- AND WHERE YOUR EXOTIC LOVELINESS WILL CAPTURE THE HEARTS OF HIGH FRENCH OFFICERS!

AH, AND THEN I AM TO GET THEM TO CONFIDE SECRETS TO ME-- SECRETS WHICH I WILL PASS ON TO YOU, NO?



AS CANARIS HAD FORE-SEEN, MATA HARI BECAME THE RAGE OF PARIS --AND THE CONFIDANTE OF MANY A HIGH-RANKING FRENCH OFFICER!



BUT WHEN FRENCH INTELLIGENCE AGENTS LEARNED ABOUT MATA HARI'S TREACHERY, THE SPY FLED IN FEAR BACK TO THE GERMAN EMBASSY-- TO THE MAN WHO HAD HIRED HER!

SOON-- THAT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS, TO EMPLOY MATA HARI AS A SPY, CANARIS? LOOK AT THESE SECRETS SHE'S SENT BACK-- ALLIED DEFENSE PLANS, TROOP MOVEMENTS, OFFENSE PLANS--



BUT... BUT THE FRENCH KNOW I AM A GERMAN SPY-- IT WOULD BE SUICIDE FOR ME TO RETURN TO PARIS!

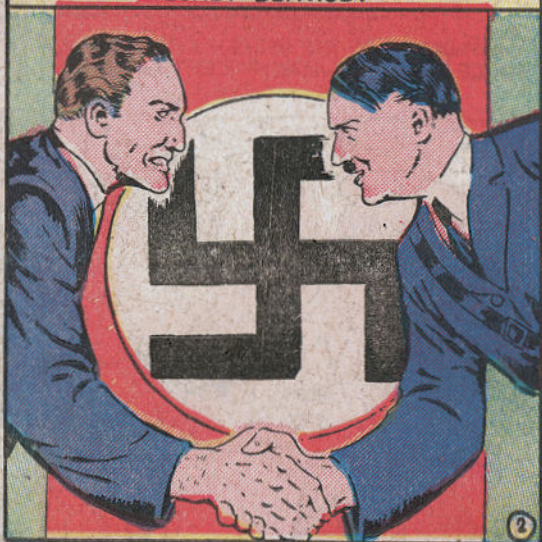
YOU ARE OF NO USE TO US HERE--YOU MUST RETURN TO PARIS, NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES!



SO THE TEARFUL SPY RETURNED-- TO A FRENCH FIRING SQUAD! BUT CANARIS' CAREER CONTINUED ON, EVEN AFTER THE WAR HAD BEEN LOST! LITTLE WAS HEARD OF THE SPYMASTER AGAIN UNTIL 1923, WHEN HE SUDDENLY APPEARED AS ONE OF HITLER'S COLLABORATORS IN THE INFAMOUS BEER HALL PUTSCH!



TEN YEARS LATER, WHEN HITLER SEIZED POWER, ADMIRAL WALTER WILHELM CANARIS BECAME HEAD OF THE GERMAN SECRET SERVICE!



THE SPY CHIEF SOON BECAME KNOWN AS **CANARIS, THE CUNNING!** ONE OF HIS WILDEST ACHIEVEMENTS TOOK PLACE IN 1938, WHEN HE HEARD FROM HIS SPIES THAT THE BRITISH WERE ABOUT TO TEST A NEW VICKERS-WELLESLEY MONOPLANE--

I HAVE LEARNED THAT THE PLANE WILL TAKE OFF FROM FARNBOROUGH EXPERIMENTAL AIRPORT AT 9:15 A.M. ON FEBRUARY 16TH-- AND THE TEST FLIGHT WILL BE OVER THE NORTH SEA!

GOOD! WE WILL HAVE OUR SUBMARINES PATROLLING THE AREA, ARMED WITH THREE-INCH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!



WHEN THE NEW PLANE APPEARED OVER THE NAZI SUBS--

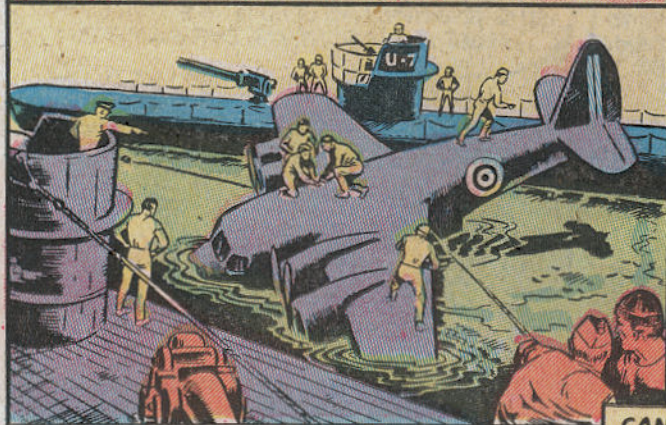


WE'RE HIT! PREPARE TO CRASH-LAND!

ACK! ACK! ACK!



THE FATE OF THE BRITISH PILOTS WAS NEVER DISCOVERED-- BUT THE PLANE WAS DISMANTLED RIGHT ON THE HIGH SEAS, AND THE PIECES WERE CARRIED BY THE SUBMARINES BACK TO GERMANY FOR STUDY!

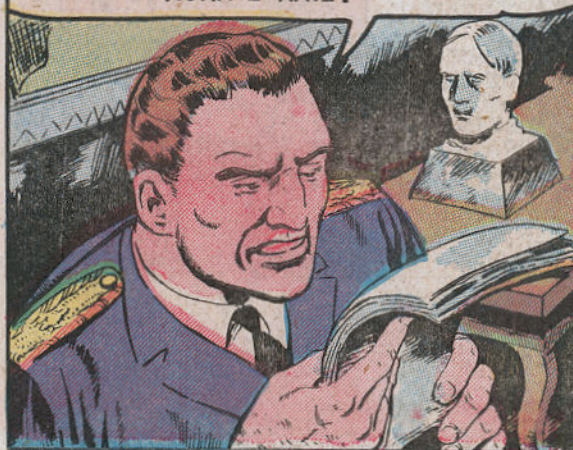


OTHER COUPS ENGINEERED BY CANARIS BEFORE THE START OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR WERE--

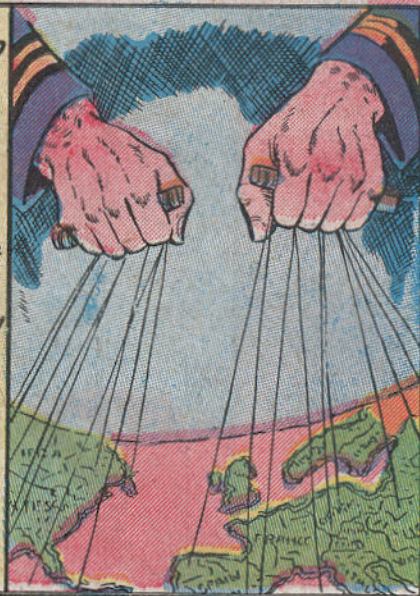
HERE ARE THE TOTAL MOBILIZATION ORDERS OF THE FRENCH NAVY! YOU ARE GETTING THEM EVEN BEFORE THEY ARE SIGNED BY ADMIRAL DARLAN! HEIL HITLER!



AND-- HA-- THE COMPLETE PLANS FOR THE CO-ORDINATION OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND AIR FORCE! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT SPY NETWORK I HAVE!



CANARIS HAD INDEED WOVEN A MAGNIFICENT NETWORK OF SPIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD-- AND THERE WAS SCARCELY A COUNTRY THAT DID NOT FEEL THE EFFECT OF HIS EVIL GENIUS!

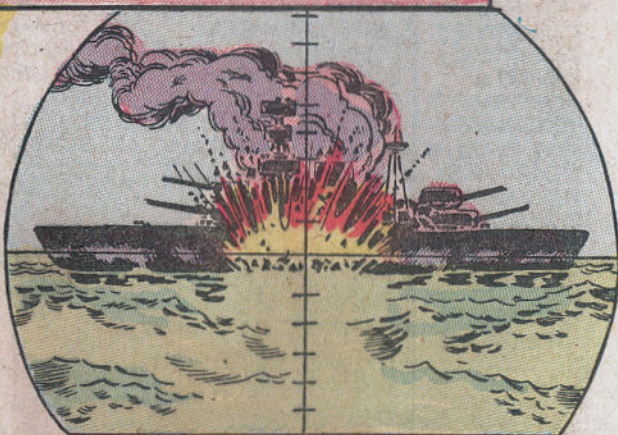


A MONTH AFTER THE START OF WORLD WAR II, ONE OF CANARIS' SPIES CLUNG TO A ROCKY CLIFF ON THE COAST OF SCOTLAND, SIGNALLING TO A NAZI SUB LYING OFF SHORE--

R-O-Y-A-L-O-A-K-B-A-S-E-D-A-T-S-C-A-P-A-F-L-O-W!



A FEW DAYS LATER, A NAZI U-BOAT STOLE INTO SCAPA FLOW, AND ITS TORPEDOES SANK THE MIGHTY BRITISH BATTLESHIP ROYAL OAK! CANARIS HAD CHALKED UP ANOTHER VICTORY!

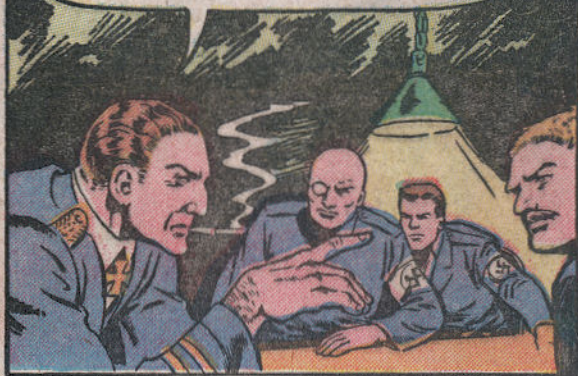


WHEN JAPAN ENTERED THE WAR IN 1941, CANARIS SET UP AN INTRICATE WEB OF SPIES THAT STRETCHED FROM THE NEAR EAST THROUGH MONGOLIA INTO BURMA AND INDO-CHINA! ESPIONAGE CARAVANS DOTTED THE GREAT ASIATIC DESERTS SEPARATING THE AXIS POWERS, AND EACH ONE OF THEM WAS EQUIPPED WITH PORTABLE ULTRA-SHORT-WAVE RADIO EQUIPMENT TO PASS ON INFORMATION TO EITHER BERLIN OR TOKYO!



BUT IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT GERMANY WAS DOOMED, BECAUSE OF HITLER'S BLUNDERING MISTAKES! SO--

I'VE CALLED THIS SECRET MEETING BECAUSE I KNOW THAT YOU, TOO, ARE DISSATISFIED WITH THE WAY ADOLF IS LEADING US TO DISASTER! BEFORE WE CAN TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY AND LEAD IT TO VICTORY, WE MUST ASSASSINATE DER FÜHRER!



THEY SCHEMED TO KILL HITLER AT HIS WEEKLY STAFF CONFERENCE, AND PLANTED A TIME-BOMB BENEATH THE MAP-TABLE! BUT HITLER WAS DELAYED THAT FATEFUL DAY AND NARROWLY ESCAPED THE FATE THAT BEFELL A FEW OF HIS GENERALS!



HITLER RELENTLESSLY FERRETED OUT THE LEADERS OF THE ABORTIVE PLOT-- AND EXECUTED THEM ALL! THUS, CANARIS, THE CUNNING, MET AN END THAT WAS BEFITTING A MASTER OF TREACHERY!



BLACKMAIL BRIGADE

Just a short while ago, nearly 400 Chinese soldiers staged a mass surrender in Korea-- heading toward the U.N. lines with their voices raised in a single chant-- **SHEH HO-TSUNG!** This is the story of what those words meant -- a story that goes back to a Communist plot in Hong Kong-- involving the **BLACKMAIL BRIGADE!**

**TRANS-ASIA
CABLE CO.**

夷月行胎產凡



HONG KONG--THE LAST REMNANT OF BRITISH POWER ON THE ASIAN MAINLAND! BUT BRITAIN IS HALF A WORLD AWAY-- AND ACROSS A NARROW STRAIT LOOMS THE BROODING BULK OF RED CHINA!

I HAVE A NOSE FOR
MONEY, MY FRIEND!
EXPECT TODAY MANY
CABLED DOLLARS
FROM UNITED STATES!

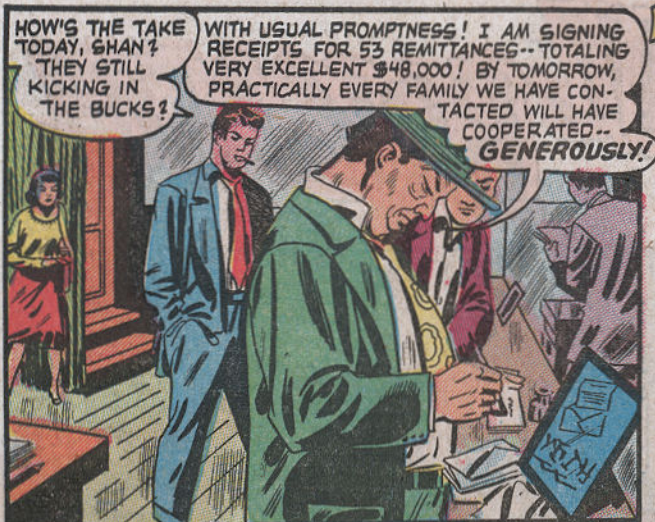
WHY NOT? THE CHINESE
IN FRISCO AND NEW YORK
ARE **LOADED**--THEY
CAN AFFORD IT!

JUST A MINUTE, BAILEY-- I'D
STILL TRYING TO KICK
ME OUT OF HONG
KONG, MAJOR?
WHAT'S THE BEEF
THIS TIME?

LIKE A
WORD
WITH
YOU!

WE KNOW ALL ABOUT THE COMMUNIST **SHEH HO-TSUNG** BRIGADE IN KOREA; BAILEY! ONCE WE DISMISSED YOU AS MERE RIFF RAFF-- BUT **THIS** DEAL TAGS YOU AS AN **EXTORTIONIST AND TRAITOR!** THAT'S PUTTING IT KIND OF STRONG, BUO! LOOK ME UP WHEN YOU GET SOME **EVIDENCE!**





HOW'S THE TAKE TODAY, SHAN? THEY STILL KICKING IN THE BUCKS?

WITH USUAL PROMPTNESS! I AM SIGNING RECEIPTS FOR 53 REMITTANCES-- TOTALING VERY EXCELLENT \$48,000! BY TOMORROW, PRACTICALLY EVERY FAMILY WE HAVE CONTACTED WILL HAVE COOPERATED-- GENEROUSLY!

SUDDENLY--

BUT NOT THE FAMILY OF WANG NAM!



VIPERS-- COMMUNIST BANDITS! THIS IS WHAT BROUGHT ME TO HONG KONG!

AND WHAT A CHUMP YOU WERE, BABY-- TO THINK YOU'D GET AWAY WITH IT!

JIN-SHO IS DEAD! STEP BACK-- LET ME FIRE!

NOT HERE! WANT A BRITISH PATROL ON OUR TAILS?



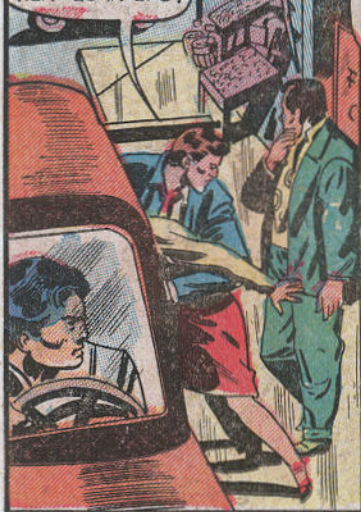
TSUNG AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF HER AT THE GOLDEN BRIDGE CANAL-- WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION! SEE YOU AT HEADQUARTERS!

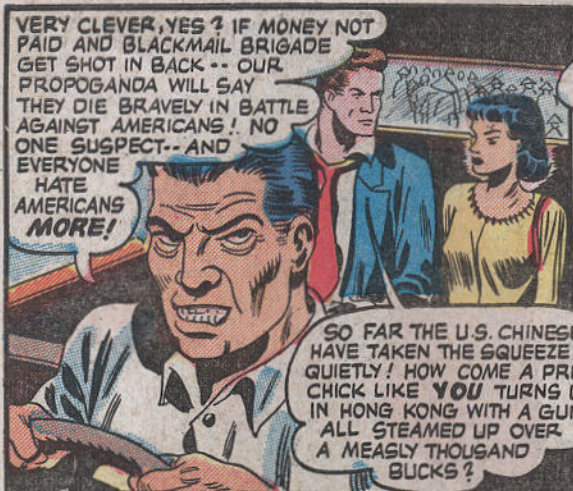
YES! IS PERHAPS WISE TO MAKE MURDER DISCREET!

OKAY, HONEY-- WHO'S WANG NAM?

CAN'T YOU GUESS-- YOU TRIPLY-CURSED DOG? WANG NAM IS MY COUSIN, DRAFTED BY THE COMMUNISTS TO FIGHT IN KOREA WITH THE **SHEH HO-TSUNG UNIT**-- KNOWN TO CHINESE IN THE UNITED STATES AS THE **BLACKMAIL BRIGADE!**

WHAT DEMONS YOU COMMUNISTS ARE-- TO FORM A COMBAT UNIT IN WHICH EVERY SOLDIER HAS A RELATIVE LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES! AND HOW DIABOLICAL TO THREATEN THAT THE ENTIRE BRIGADE WILL BE SENT TO THE FIGHTING FRONT -- THERE TO BE MACHINE GUNNED BY THE RED SECRET POLICE -- **UNLESS EVERY RELATIVE CABLES A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO YOUR EXTORTION RING!**





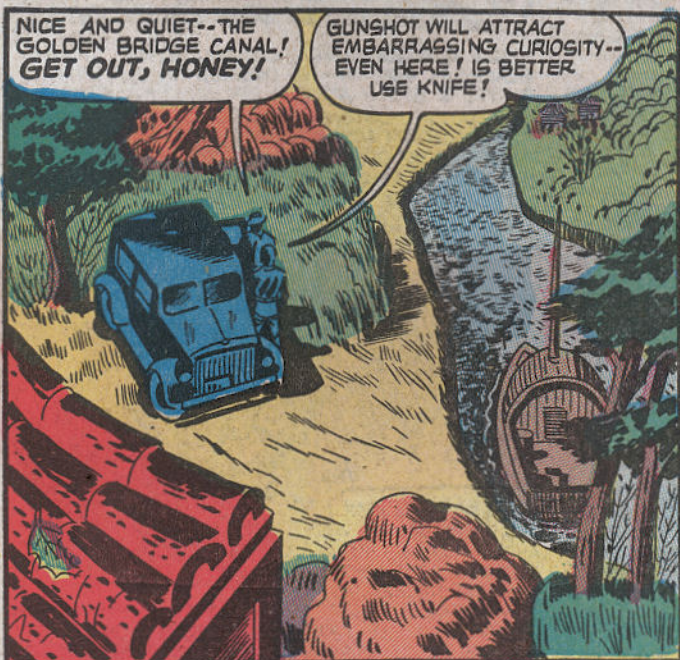
VERY CLEVER, YES? IF MONEY NOT PAID AND BLACKMAIL BRIGADE GET SHOT IN BACK-- OUR PROPOGANDA WILL SAY THEY DIE BRAVELY IN BATTLE AGAINST AMERICANS! NO ONE SUSPECT-- AND EVERYONE HATE AMERICANS MORE!

SO FAR THE U.S. CHINESE HAVE TAKEN THE SQUEEZE QUIETLY! HOW COME A PRETTY CHICK LIKE YOU TURNS UP IN HONG KONG WITH A GUN-- ALL STEAMED UP OVER A MEASLY THOUSAND BUCKS?

MY PARENTS DID NOT HAVE THAT MUCH! THEY WORRIED ABOUT WANG NAM UNTIL THE ONLY ANSWER WAS SUICIDE! AND TO THINK THAT SOMEONE LIKE YOU CAN LIVE-- SWINE!



WAK!



NICE AND QUIET--THE GOLDEN BRIDGE CANAL! GET OUT, HONEY!

GUNSHOT WILL ATTRACT EMBARRASSING CURIOSITY-- EVEN HERE! IS BETTER USE KNIFE!

NOPE, NO GUNS -- AND NO KNIVES! IN FACT, TSUNG--NO MURDER!

WHAT?



NOW-- PERHAPS SHAN GET REPORT ABOUT TWO KILLINGS ALONG GOLDEN BRIDGE CANAL!



BANG!

UNMENTIONABLE FILTH!

IF THAT'S THE COMMUNIST LINGO FOR AN AMERICAN AGENT, RAT-- YEAH!



UGH!

WAM!



POW!



LOOK OUT-- HE'S AFTER YOUR GUN!

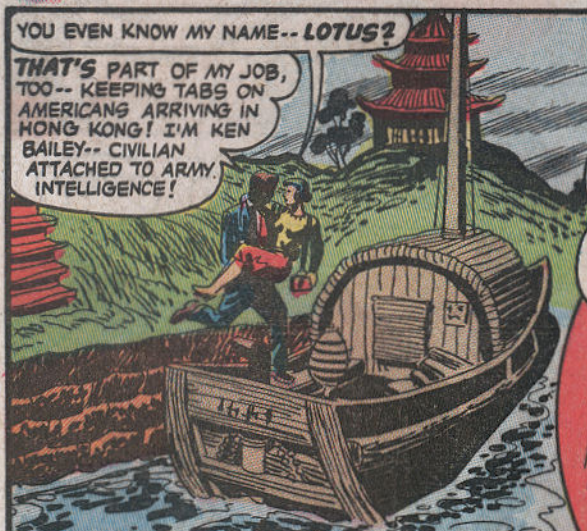
GOOD THING I'VE GOT YOUR LITTLE .25, HUH?

BANG!
BANG!



OKAY, LOTUS! HOP ONTO THAT BARGE-- FAST!

SPLASH!



YOU EVEN KNOW MY NAME-- LOTUS?

THAT'S PART OF MY JOB, TOO-- KEEPING TABS ON AMERICANS ARRIVING IN HONG KONG! I'M KEN BAILEY-- CIVILIAN ATTACHED TO ARMY INTELLIGENCE!

SINCE OUR GOVERNMENT COULDN'T STOP THE RED BLACKMAIL SCHEME-- WE DECIDED TO CAPITALIZE ON IT! I SPENT MONTHS BUILDING UP A SHADY REPUTATION-- UNTIL SHAN OFFERED ME A JOB WITH THE EXTORTION RING! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET HOLD OF CERTAIN RECEIPTS-- SIGNED BY THE COMMUNIST AGENTS WHEN THEY COLLECT THE BLACKMAIL MONEY AT THE TRANS-ASIA CABLE OFFICE!



I UNDERSTAND, KEN! EACH RECEIPT WOULD SHOW NOT ONLY THE AMOUNT-- BUT THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON WHO WAS FORCED TO SEND THE MONEY!

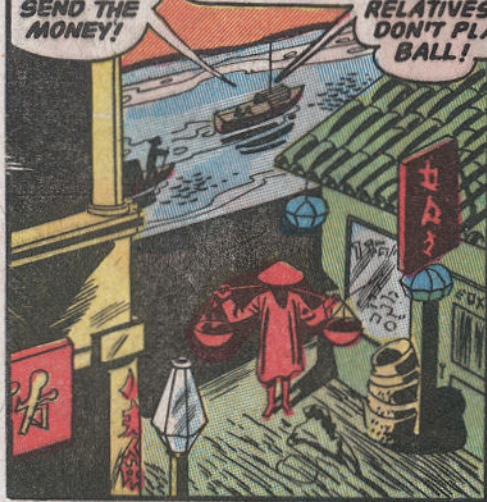
RIGHT! AND IF I CAN GET THOSE RECEIPTS TO KOREA SO THAT THE SOLDIERS OF THE BLACKMAIL BRIGADE CAN SEE THEM-- THEY'LL REALIZE AT A GLANCE THAT INSTEAD OF BEING 'PEOPLE'S HEROES', THEY'RE MERE PAWNS IN A VICIOUS RACKET -- SLATED TO BE SHOT IN THE BACK IF THEIR RELATIVES DON'T PLAY BALL!

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL IT TAKE, KEN -- TO GET ALL THE RECEIPTS YOU NEED?

THE LAST BATCH OF BLACKMAIL REMITTANCES ARRIVES TOMORROW MORNING! BARRING HITCHES, WE CAN CLEAR OUT THEN-- AND I'M MAKING SURE THERE AREN'T ANY HITCHES!

I CAN'T TAKE YOU TO THE BRITISH FOR PROTECTION-- THE GRAPEVINE WOULD PASS AROUND THE NEWS AND THAT'D FIX MY BACON WITH THE REDS! BUT I CAN GET YOU A HIDE-OUT NEAR THE MARKET OF SCENTED JADE!

KEN-- STOP!



WHY DID YOU DO THAT? MONEY, KEYS, ADDRESS BOOK-- **PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING I OWN!**

YEP-- EVERYTHING THAT COULD ESTABLISH YOUR **IDENTITY**-- IF IT EVER CAME TO A SHOW-DOWN! I'M GOING TO GET YOU A RAGGED, SECOND HAND COSTUME-- YOU'RE GOING TO THINK AND ACT AS IF YOU'VE BEEN IN HONG KONG ALL YOUR LIFE-- AND EVEN **THEN** YOUR SAFETY'S GOING TO BE IN THE HANDS OF THE GODS!



BUT IN CHINA, THE HANDS OF THE GODS MOVE INSCRUTABLY-- TOUCHING SOMETIMES THE AFFAIRS OF THE MIGHTY-- AND SOMETIMES A TRIFLE BENEATH THE NOTICE OF THE LOWEST--

LIKE A BIT OF COLORED PAPER AFLOAT IN A REEKING CANAL!



AND YET-- THE NOTICE OF THE LOWEST ANY-- WHERE WOULD BE ATTRACTED BY A SINGLE SYMBOL-- RECOGNIZED AROUND THE WORLD!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON-- AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMUNIST BLACKMAIL RING--

EVERYTHING ROLLING OKAY, SHAN?

MOST GERENE! ABOUT UNFORTUNATE GIRL-- YOU PERHAPS THROW BODY IN CANAL?



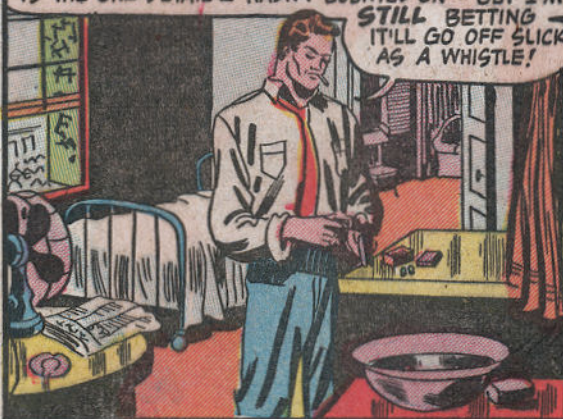
TOO RISKY-- TSUNG'S TAKING THE REMAINS UP TO RED TERRITORY BY OX CART! HE OUGHT TO BE BACK IN TIME FOR TOMORROW MORNING'S PICKUP AT THE CABLE OFFICE!

AHHH! QUITE SO!



NEXT MORNING-- AT KEN'S APARTMENT--

WELL-- EVERYTHING'S LINED UP! SHAN AND PINGYA ARE MAKING THEIR USUAL TRIP TO THE CABLE OFFICE-- AND IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER OF HEISTING THE RECEIPTS FROM SHAN WHEN THEY REACH HEADQUARTERS! **LOTUS** IS THE ONE DETAIL I HADN'T COUNTED ON-- BUT I'M **STILL BETTING IT'LL GO OFF SLICK AS A WHISTLE!**



KEN!

LOTUS! HOW IN THUNDER DID YOU FIND ME?



KEN-- I DIDN'T WANT TO TALK! FUNNY, I ALWAYS HAD YOU FIGURED FOR A LINHEAD, SHAN! ON SECOND THOUGHT -- YOU DID SEEM KIND OF SUSPICIOUS YESTERDAY!

BUT THEY BEAT ME-- THEY MADE ME TELL EVERYTHING!

SINCE IT IS WELL KNOWN IN HONG KONG THAT I SPEAK ENGLISH-- WAS ONLY NATURAL FOR BOATMAN TO BRING ME THIS-- RECEIPT FOR PLANE FARE WHICH HE FIND FLOATING IN GOLDEN BRIDGE CANAL! DATE OF FLIGHT, MAY 22-- ONLY HONG KONG PASSENGER FOR THAT FLIGHT-- LOTUS NAM! BUT SINCE YOU TELL ME BODY NOT IN CANAL -- WHY WOULD PAPER BE IN CANAL?

SO I LOOK IN CANAL FOR MORE EVIDENCE-- AND FIND BODY OF TSUNG! ALL NIGHT, MYSELF AND TWELVE AGENTS MAKE RIGID PROFESSIONAL SEARCH OF DISTRICT-- WE BRIBE-- QUESTION-- AND WE FIND LOTUS NAM!



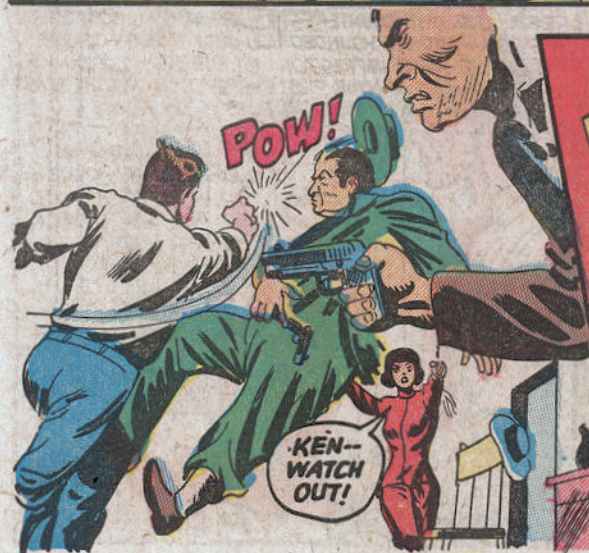
TOUGH BREAK, HONEY! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT GETTING THOSE DOCUMENTS BACK TO THE STATES AFTER ALL!

DOCUMENTS? UNDOUBTEDLY MOST INTERESTING-- PRODUCE PAPERS, PLEASE!

HOLY MACKEREL, LARD--GUT--YOU WANT EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU?



WELL, THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET-- THE WORKS!



POW!

KEN-- WATCH OUT!

BANG!

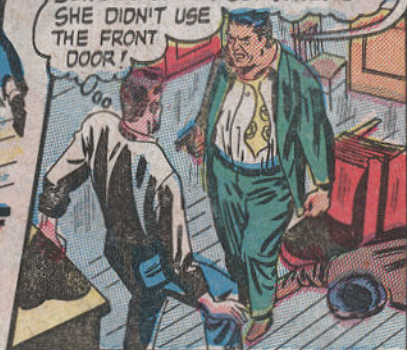


CRASH!



SHAN IS EXPERT KEEN-EYED SHOT--YET SHAN WILL NEED FIVE BULLETS TO KILL YOU! FIVE BULLETS FOR SPECIAL AGONIZING WOUNDS, SPACED SLOWLY!

THIS RAT'S TOO TAKEN UP WITH ME TO NOTICE THAT LOTUS HAS SLIPPED AWAY! BUT WHERE-- SHE DIDN'T USE THE FRONT DOOR!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT-- SHAN, MAY YOU MEET YOUR ANCESTORS-- AND ROAST WITH THEM!

BABY-- AND TO THINK I WORRIED! LET'S GRAB THOSE RECEIPTS SHAN'S CARRYING-- AND SCRAM OVER TO HEADQUARTERS FOR A FINAL DETAIL!



SOON AFTERWARD--

THIS IS PINGYA-- CALLING FROM APARTMENT OF KEN BAILEY! SHAN HAS BEEN KILLED IN MURDEROUS ASSAULT! BAILEY IS INFAMOUS RED-HANDED SPY-- BE ON GUARD!



GET BACK, LOTUS!

THIS WINDS UP THE BUSINESS, RAT-- EXCEPT FOR A GENERAL REFUND OF THAT DOUGH!



HELLO, MAJOR-- BAILEY SPEAKING! I'M IN THE MARKET FOR SOME FREE PLANE TRANSPORTATION-- HOW ABOUT MEETING ME AT THE AIRPORT?

ACTUALLY, OLD CHAP-- WE'RE NOT AS DENSE AS WE MIGHT SEEM! OUR OWN COUNTERESPIONAGE KNEW ABOUT YOUR MISSION-- AND WE HOUNDED YOU JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE SHAN THE RIGHT IMPRESSION! BY THE WAY-- DO YOU SUPPOSE ONE OF YOUR PILOT CHAPS COULD FLY THE PLANE BACK-- ONCE YOU'VE REACHED THE STATES?

I'LL ARRANGE IT, MAJOR-- WITH ONE OF OUR FIGHTER SQUADRONS IN KOREA! WE'VE GOT SOME INTERESTING RECEIPTS TO DELIVER UP THAT WAY-- TO THE BLACK-MAIL BRIGADE!



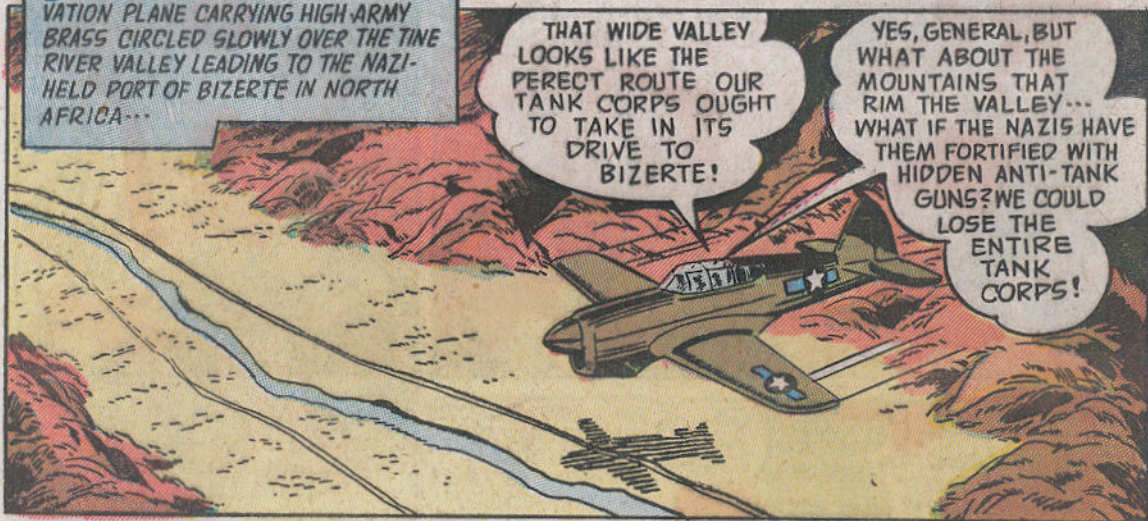
THE END

The SPY WHO SAVED a TANK CORPS

ON APRIL 15TH, 1943, A U.S. OBSERVATION PLANE CARRYING HIGH-ARMY BRASS CIRCLED SLOWLY OVER THE TINE RIVER VALLEY LEADING TO THE NAZI-HELD PORT OF BIZERTE IN NORTH AFRICA...

THAT WIDE VALLEY LOOKS LIKE THE PERFECT ROUTE OUR TANK CORPS OUGHT TO TAKE IN ITS DRIVE TO BIZERTE!

YES, GENERAL, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MOUNTAINS THAT RIM THE VALLEY... WHAT IF THE NAZIS HAVE THEM FORTIFIED WITH HIDDEN ANTI-TANK GUNS? WE COULD LOSE THE ENTIRE TANK CORPS!



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS IN THE ALLIED BASE AT BEJA, TUNISIA...

IT'S VITALLY IMPORTANT THAT WE KNOW THE NATURE OF THE GERMAN DEFENSES IN THE TINE RIVER VALLEY BEFORE WE START OUR OFFENSIVE... AND SINCE YOU BRITISH CHAPS ARE MORE FAMILIAR WITH THE AREA THAN WE ARE, WE'D LIKE YOU TO SPY OUT THE LAND!

BE GLAD TO! I'LL PUT MY BEST MAN ON THE JOB... **MAJOR PHILIP GORDON!**



MAJOR GORDON WAS BRIEFED ON THE ASSIGNMENT... AND WENT RIGHT TO WORK!

AS SOON AS I GET THE WHISKERS ON TOP OF THIS DARK MAKEUP, I'LL BE ALL SET... **FOR ANYTHING!**



DISGUISED AS AN OLD ARAB BEGGAR, THE MAJOR MADE HIS WAY DIRECTLY TO THE NAZI OUTPOSTS IN FRONT OF THE ALLIED LINES...

...ONLY TO RECEIVE THE SPECIAL NAZI TREATMENT FOR MEMBERS OF AN 'INFERIOR' RACE!

HA, HA... HE IS SO DAZED BY THE BLOW THAT HE IS ACTUALLY GOING TOWARD OUR LINES! ONE SHOT WILL STOP HIM!

NO... LET HIM PROVIDE SPORT FOR THE MEN NEARER THE FRONT!



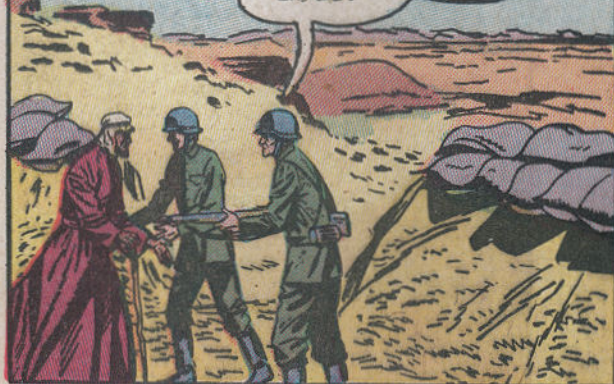
BAKSHIS... BAKSHIS...

SCHWEINHUND!



BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN IT WAS THE MAJOR WHO STRUCK...

SEARCH THE OLD
BEGGAR...WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES
THIS FAR BACK BEHIND OUR
LINES!



SORRY...COULDN'T LET YOU
SEARCH ME...BECAUSE YOU'D
HAVE FOUND **THIS GUN!**

AARGHHH!

**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**



BUT ONCE THE MAJOR GOT INTO THE REAR AREAS
WHERE THE NAZIS SHOT ALL CIVILIANS ON SIGHT, HE WAS
FORCED TO TRAVEL AT NIGHT! THEN, UP IN THE HILLS...

WHEN DAWN BROKE, THE MAJOR SCANNED
THE SURROUNDING RIDGES FROM HIS HIDING
PLACE...AND WHEREVER HE FOCUSED HIS
BINOCULARS, HE SAW...

OH, OH...ANTI-TANK GUNS
BEING PULLED INTO POSITION!



ANTI-TANK GUNS...BY THE
HUNDREDS! THIS WHOLE
VALLEY IS A **GIGANTIC
TANK-TRAP!**



HAVE TO GET BACK TO REPORT MY
FINDINGS...**FAST!** AND SINCE I CAN'T
TRAVEL IN THIS ARAB DISGUISE IN DAY-
LIGHT, I'LL NEED **ANOTHER** DISGUISE...
PREFERABLY A **NAZI** ONE! HERE'S
WHERE THE BLADE AT THE END OF
MY CANE COMES IN HANDY!



WHEN A LONE NAZI OFFICER PASSED...

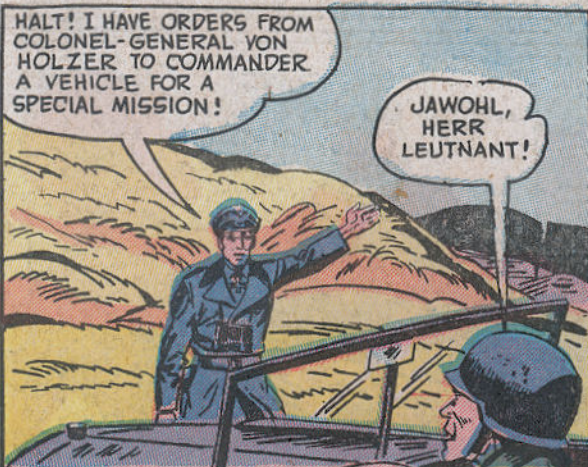
SWISS

**BULL'S
EYE!**

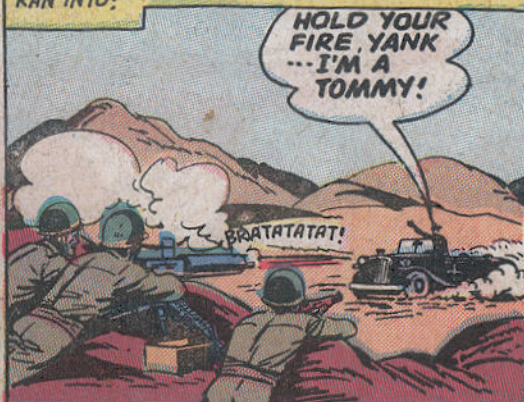
SHHH!



DRAGGING THE BODY INTO THE BUSHES, THE MAJOR SWIFTLY CHANGED CLOTHES! AFTER WIPING OFF HIS DARK MAKEUP, HE STRODE BOLDLY DOWN TO THE ROAD BELOW...



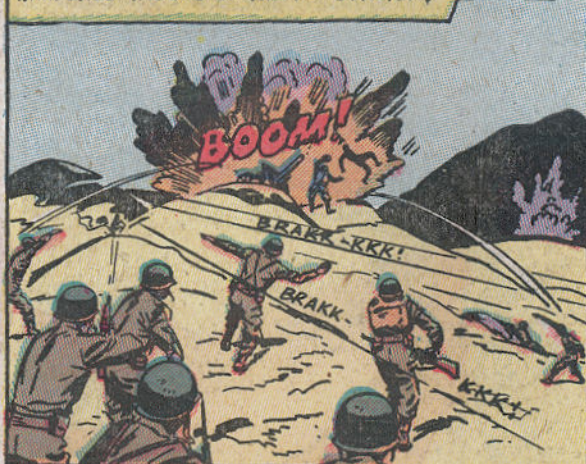
THEN CAME A WILD, RECKLESS DRIVE RIGHT DOWN THE ROAD TOWARD THE ALLIED OUTPOST! THE NAZI ANTI-TANK GUNNERS UP IN THE HILLS REFRAINED FROM FIRING ON ONE OF THEIR OWN VEHICLES... BUT THE MAJOR WAS ALMOST CUT DOWN BY THE FIRST GI MACHINE-GUN NEST HE RAN INTO!



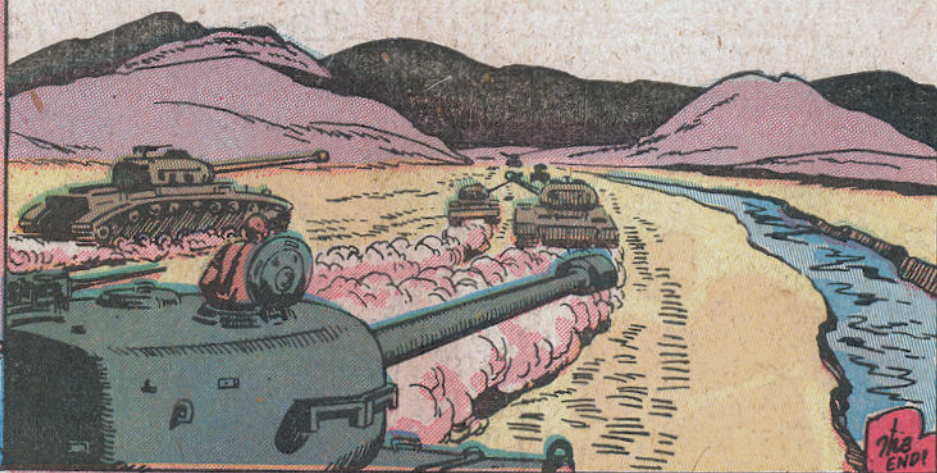
SOON AFTERWARDS, IN ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...



ON APRIL 23RD, THE AMERICAN II CORPS JUMPED OFF IN A MASSIVE INFANTRY ATTACK, LED BY THE BATTLE-HARDENED TROOPS OF THE 1ST DIVISION!



WITHIN A WEEK, THE HILLS WERE SUFFICIENTLY CLEARED OF NAZIS AND THEIR ANTI-TANK GUNS TO ALLOW THE MASSIVE AMERICAN TANK COLUMNS TO PROCEED UP THE TINE RIVER VALLEY ALL THE WAY TO BIZERTE... AND TOTAL VICTORY IN NORTH AFRICA!



BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 506
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. J. will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

* SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH COUPON
NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE HEARD ABOUT
VACUTEX



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

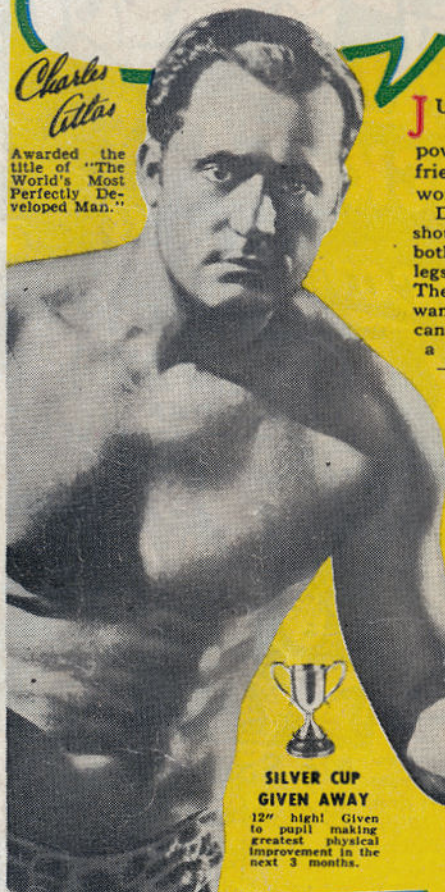
Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy wake up feeling. I'll

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my **FREE BOOK**

that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE** and **VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 25, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION**!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 25

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

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City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.